

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

MAR. NO. 38

10¢



**MORE
PAGES OF
STORIES!**



HAIR BREATH ESCAPE

By Westbrook Wilson



"FOUR EYES" JONES loved square dancing. He did not dance himself and he didn't play any music. In fact, he rarely attended the dances himself. He loved square dancing because it was good for business.

Jones was the town barber of Flame Arrow. Whenever a dance was scheduled in Cattle-men's Hall, it meant that all the townsfolk and all the cowpunchers for miles around would be in to get themselves prettied up.

Business was slow right now. B. S. Keener, the banker, had been in for his regular morning shave, and Barber Jones knew that Dude Wellington, the proprietor of the gambling house, would show up, sleepy-eyed, around noontime. They were regulars. There might be half-a-dozen more during the day—a cowhand trying to freshen up after a spree; a miner expecting a big date with one of the dance-hall girls; possibly a drummer from the hotel.

However, "Four Eyes" Jones was not despondent. He took a couple of steps closer to the poster, glued against the mirror, and smiled. The poster said:

BIG DANCE

Saturday Night

Come One, Come All
To Cattlemen's Hall

The barbershop door opened and Mace Kenyon walked in. He slouched into the chair and said, "Give me the works. I've had a rough night. Sat around till sunup playing poker with some of the boys."

"Your eyes do look kind of red," admitted the barber. Jones had taken off his glasses.

Mace Kenyon asked, "Hey, how come, if you have to wear specs to see with, you do all your shaving and haircutting without 'em?"

"I'm nearsighted," responded the barber. "I can see real good close up, but anything gets far away it's blurred. That's how come

I've got to be a barber instead of a cow nurser. I couldn't ever shoot a gun or toss a rope."

"Well, you better not nick me with that razor, or I'll show you how to shoot a gun," grumbled Mace.

Jones chuckled mirthlessly. He lathered up Mace's stubble and began to shave him with extreme care. He was still working on Mace, when another man entered. "Four Eyes" looked up, put on his glasses, and recognized the drummer who had been stopping at the hotel. He didn't know the man's name.

"How long?" asked the latter.

"'Bout fifteen minutes, maybe less."

"Good," said the drummer. "I'm catching the one o'clock stage to Staghorn, but I'd like to get a shave before I set out."

When the barber had finished trimming Mace's hair and plastering it down with something the boys generally referred to as "smelly gook," he turned toward the waiting drummer and said, "Next!"

Mace looked at himself in the mirror and smiled with self-approval. Then he drawled, "By the way, Four Eyes, I'll have to owe you for this little job you done on me. The boys kind of cleaned me out last night."

"Huh?" said the barber. Then, "Oh, well, I reckon that'll be all right, Mace. General rule I don't like to work on credit, but in your case I reckon it'll be all right."

"You're dang tootin' it'll be all right!" growled Mace, heading out the door.

Shortly after the barber had finished with the salesman, Dude Wellington came in for his regular noontime shave. When he had completed that job, "Four Eyes" saw it was still twenty-five minutes to one. He made a quick decision, closed up his shop, hung a sign on the door, and went to the stage depot. He

(Continued on inside back cover)



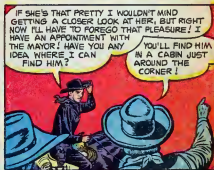
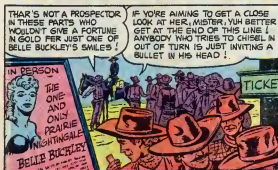
LASH LARUE WESTERN • executive Editor WILL LIEBERSON • Editor V. A. PROVISIERO • Art Editor AL JETTER

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



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AT THE MAYOR'S PLACE---

I'M SURE HAPPY THE CHIEF MARSHAL SENT YUH, LASH! WHEN GOLD WAS DISCOVERED HVAR THIS TOWN SPRUNG UP SO RAPIDLY NOTHING WAS BUILT RIGHT! WE DON'T HAVE A JAILHOUSE AND EVERYONE IS SO BUSY SEARCHING FER GOLD, WE HAVEN'T EVEN FOUND ANYONE WILLING TO TAKE THE JOB AS SHERIFF!

THE CHIEF SAID I WAS ASSIGNED HERE UNTIL THINGS GOT MORE ORGANIZED, MAYOR! IS THERE ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR YOU WANT ME TO DO TO START OFF WITH?

THE MAIN THING I WANT YUH TO DO IS TO GUARD ALL THAT GOLD! WE DON'T HAVE ANY BANK, OR ANY PLACE SAFE ENOUGH WHAR THE PROSPECTORS CAN LEAVE THEIR GOLD, SO THEY'VE BEEN LEAVING IT WITH ME! THAT'S WHY I NOTIFIED THE MARSHAL! I FIGURED THE BEST THING TO DO WOULD BE TO GET A REAL LAWMAN TO GUARD IT! THAT WILL ALSO GIVE ME MORE TIME TO GET THINGS ORGANIZED AROUND TOWN!

IS THERE ANYONE AROUND TO RELIEVE ME WHEN I GO OUT FOR MEALS?

YES, LASH! I HIRED A YOUNG PROSPECTOR NAMED JOHNNY MATTS TO DO THAT SAME CHORE FOR ME! HE CAN GO RIGHT ON ACTING AS RELIEF GUARD FER YUH, TOO!

THAT WILL BE FINE!

MEANWHILE, IN BELLE BUCKLEY'S DRESSING ROOM---

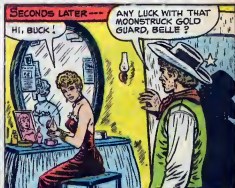
I SURE AM A LUCKY GUY, BELLE, TO HAVE YUH AS A GIRL FRIEND! THAR ISN'T A MAN IN TOWN WHO WOULDN'T CHANGE PLACES WITH ME!

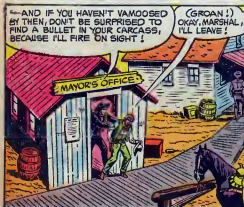
AND THAR'S NOT A MAN IN TOWN I WOULDN'T CHANGE FER YUH, JOHNNY MATTS! YUH MAY BE THE BEST MARKS-MAN IN THE WEST, BUT YUH CERTAINLY DON'T HAVE ANY GUTS!

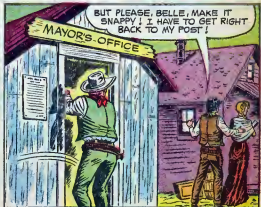
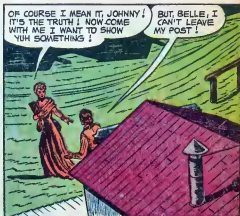
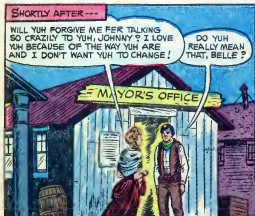
NOW, BELLE, YORE NOT GOING TO START THAT AGAIN! I SURE AM! THAR'S A FORTUNE WAITING FER US, BUT YUH HAVEN'T GOT THE GUTS TO TAKE IT!

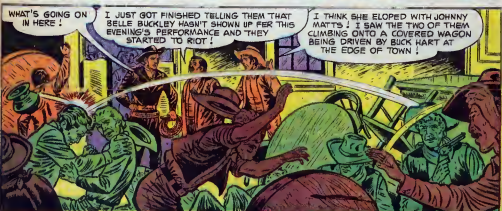
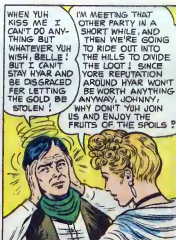
BUT THAT'S NOT HONEST, BELLE! WHAT'S NOT HONEST ABOUT YORE SUDDENLY FALLING ASLEEP WHILE GUARDING ALL THAT GOLD SO THAT A CERTAIN PARTY I KNOW CAN HAUL IT AWAY! I'M NOT ASKING YUH TO STEAL IT!

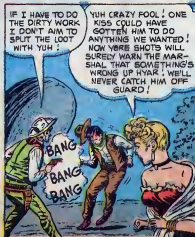
IT'S THE SAME THING! NOT IN MY EYES IT ISN'T! AND THAT CERTAIN PARTY IS WILLING TO GIVE US TWO-THIRDS OF THE LOOT IF YUH ONLY DO AS HE SUGGESTS!

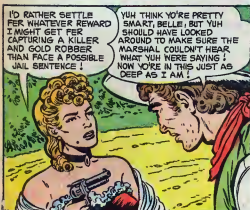














THE SECOND PART IS TO GET THIS PART OF THE BULLWHIP AS CLOSE TO THE EDGE OF THE BOULDER AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT BEING SEEN !



THE THIRD STEP IS TO GET RUSH TO RIDE OFF WHEN I GIVE HIM THE SIGNAL !



WHEN I WAVE MY HAND, RUSH, YOU RUN OFF ! DO YOU UNDERSTAND ? WHEN I WAVE MY HAND, YOU RUN OFF !



THAT'S THE BOY, RUSH ! YOU UNDERSTAND, ALL RIGHT !



MEANWHILE---

IT SOUNDS AS IF THE MARSHAL'S RIDING OFF, BUT MAYBE IT'S JUST A TRAP ! I'LL CRAWL OUT JUST FAR ENOUGH TO SEE WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON ! IF IT SHOULD BE A TRAP, I'LL BE ABLE TO JUMP BACK BEFORE HE CAN TAKE A SHOT AT ME !



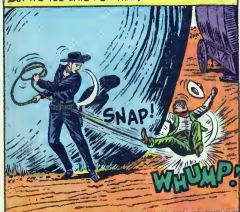
JUST ANOTHER STEP AND I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE DOWN THE TRAIL !



IT IS A TRAP ! I CAN SEE THE HORSE RUNNING OFF BUT THE MARSHAL ISN'T ON IT ! I BETTER MOVE BACK OUT OF SIGHT !



BUT IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT!



NOW I HAVE YOU OUT IN THE CLEAR, BUCK, WHERE WE CAN TRADE SHOTS IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT!

NO, NO! I KNOW I'M NO MATCH FER YUH WITH A SIX-GUN! I KNOW WHEN I'M BEATEN! I'LL SURRENDER PEACEFULLY!



LATER... EVERY LAST OUNCE OF THE GOLD HAS BEEN RETURNED SAFELY, MAYOR!

THAT'S FINE, LASH! I SENT FOR A JUDGE AND THE JURY HAS BEEN SELECTED, TOO! BUCK HART GOES ON TRIAL FOR MURDER IN A FEW SECONDS!



I'M SURE HE'LL PAY THE SUPREME PENALTY FOR HIS CRIMES! AND NOW THAT EVERYONE AROUND HERE HAS SEEN LASH LARUE IN ACTION, NO ONE IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD DARE TO TRY TO STEAL THAT GOLD AGAIN!



✓ BIGGER!
✓ BETTER!
✓ DIFFERENT!

THE



WHIZ

OF ALL COMICS!



CAPTAIN MARVEL
ADVENTURES



LANCE O'CASEY
SEA ACTION

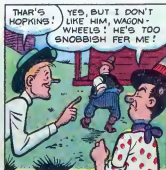


A KOREAN
WAR STORY



DOCTOR DEATH
HORROR STORY

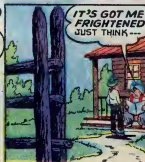
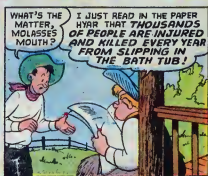
10¢ ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

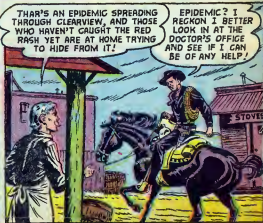
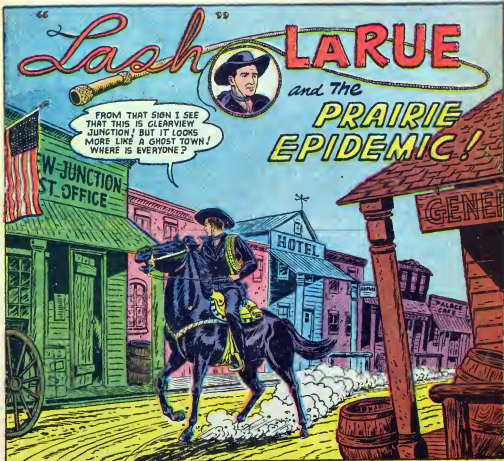


MOLASSES MOUTH



DAINGEROUS LIVING





AT THE LOCAL DOCTOR'S OFFICE...

AS FAR AS I CAN MAKE OUT, LASH, THIS SO-CALLED EPIDEMIC IS NOTHING SERIOUS! IT LOOKS LIKE SOME MINOR CASES OF FOOD POISONING! BUT SINCE I'M NOT SURE YET, I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE BEST FER EVERYONE TO STAY AT HOME AND AVOID CONTACT WITH ANYONE WHO MIGHT BE SUFFERING FROM IT!

THAT'S A VERY GOOD IDEA, DOCTOR! IS THERE ANY WAY I CAN HELP?

BULLETS REMOVED

EXS
DPWJL
BYBAM
RECEIVED
MAY 10 1934

YES, LASH, IF YUH'D TAKE THESE SPECIMENS OF THE VICTIMS' BLOOD OVER TO THE MEDICAL CENTER IN THE NEXT TOWN AND HAVE THEM CHECKED, IT WOULD LEAVE ME FREE TO TREAT ANYONE ELSE WHO MIGHT SHOW UP WITH THE RED RASH!

SURE THING, DOG! AS SOON AS RUSH RESTS UP, I'LL BE ON MY WAY!

MEANWHILE, IN A CABIN HIDDEN IN THE HILLS OUTSIDE OF CLEARVIEW...

LEARNING HOW TO DRAW HAS COME IN MIGHTY HANDY! HYAR ARE THREE PENCIL SKETCHES OF THE RICHEST MEN IN CLEARVIEW!

THIS IS THE BANKER, JOHN ASOP! I UNDERSTAND HE KEEPS A FORTUNE OF MONEY IN A SAFE IN HIS HOME!

AND THIS IS THE RANCHER, TODD BROWN! HE'S THE WEALTHIEST MAN IN CLEARVIEW! HE, TOO, KEEPS A FORTUNE OF MONEY IN HIS SAFE AT HOME!

AND THIS HYAR IS THE OWNER OF THE CLEARVIEW MINE, BILL CARTER! HIS SAFE IS FULL OF THE GREEN STUFF, TOO!

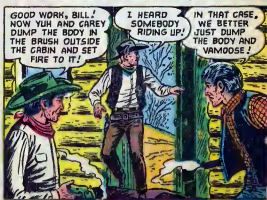
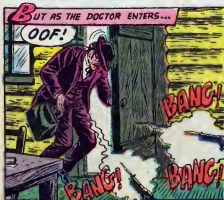
WHAT GOOD IS SEEING DRAWINGS OF THESE VARMINTS? IT WOULD BE MORE IMPORTANT TO SEE PLANS HOW TO ROB THEM!

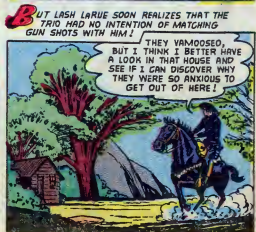
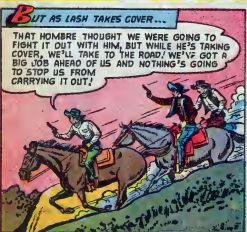
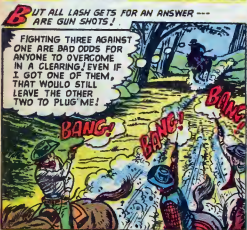
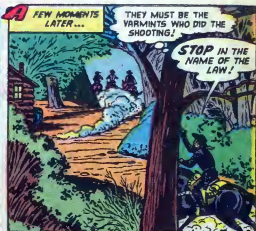
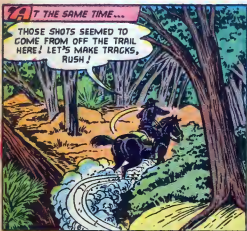
Todd Brown

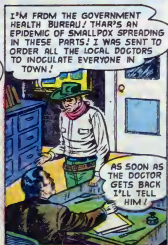
Bill Carter

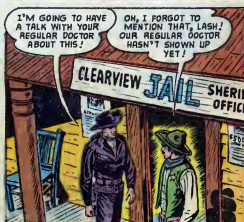
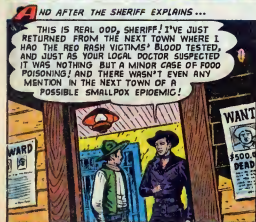
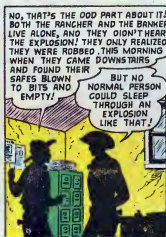
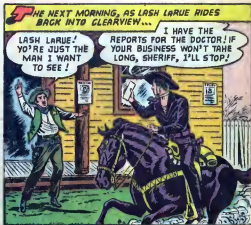


SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE...









IN FACT I HAVE A DEPUTY AND A POSSE OUT SEARCHING THE HILLS FER HIM JUST IN CASE HE MET WITH AN ACCIDENT!

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG GOING ON HERE! I THINK I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH THAT OTHER DOCTOR!



AT THE SAME TIME...

I TOLD YUH THAR'D BE NOTHING TO IT! ALL I DID WAS INOCULATE THE RICH ONES WITH DOPE AND THE REST OF THEM WITH WATER!

IT SURE WAS EASY ROBBING THE BANKER AND THE RANCH OWNER! ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS BLOW UP THEIR SAFES AND WALK AWAY WITH THE MONEY! IT'S TOO BAD THE MINE OWNER, BILL CARTER, DIDN'T COME IN FER HIS INJECTION YESTERDAY OR WE COULD HAVE ROBBED HIM LAST NIGHT, TOO!



HE WAS INOCULATED THIS MORNING AND I ORDERED HIM TO GO RIGHT HOME! HE SHOULD BE SLEEPING BY NOW! ALL YUH HAVE TO DO IS GO UP THAR AND CLEAN OUT HIS SAFE, TOO! THEN WE CAN LEAVE TOWN!

WE MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH! COME ON, BILL!



THE JOB'S SO SIMPLE THAR'S NO REASON THE TWO OF US HAVE TO GO! I CAN HANDLE IT, GAREY!

IN THAT CASE, I'LL DROP OVER TO THE CASINO AND HAVE A DRINK! I'LL MEET YUH BACK HYAR!



AND WHEN LASH LARUE ARRIVES...

I SUPPOSE YUH CAME FER YORE INOCULATION! WELL ROLL UP YORE SLEEVE AND I'LL GET TO WORK!

THE DISTANCE WAS TOO GREAT SO I CAN'T SWEAR TO IT, BUT THIS HOMBRE LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE ONE OF THOSE BANDITS I SAW RIDING AWAY FROM THAT CABIN IN THE HILLS! I BETTER PLAY ALONG UNTIL I'M SURE!

YES, SIR!



BY THE WAY, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE INOCULATING ME WITH AGAINST THIS SMALLPOX?

ER, ER, IT'S A SPECIAL FORMULA! YUH WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!

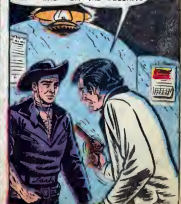


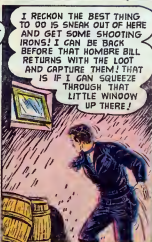
HE'S RIGHT! I WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND BUT I'LL HAVE TO PULL A BLUFF!

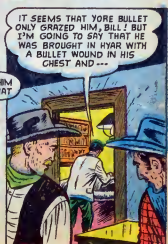
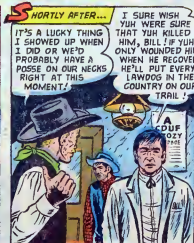
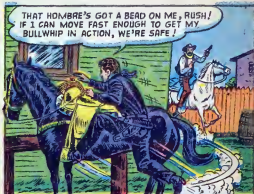
OH, I'D UNDERSTAND ALL RIGHT! I STUDIED MEDICINE! NOW WHAT IS THIS FORMULA?



YUH ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS! NOW PUT YORE HANDS UP, SHUT UP, AND HEAD FER THE CELLAR!

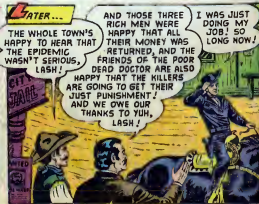


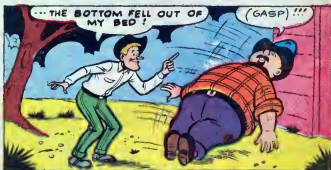






AND EVEN THOUGH STILL SLIGHTLY DAZED, THE ROVING MARSHAL MOVES WITH THE SPEED OF A MOUNTAIN LION!

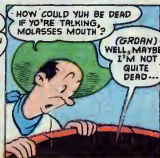
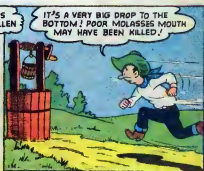
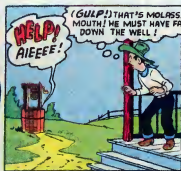




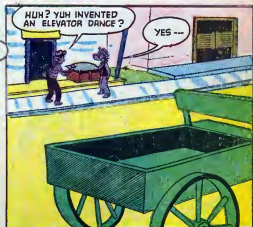
MOLASSES MOUTH

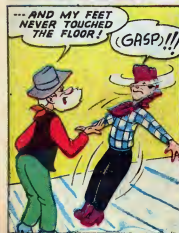
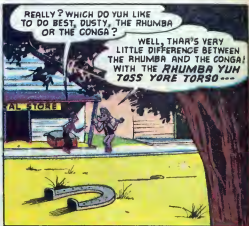
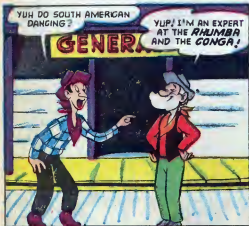


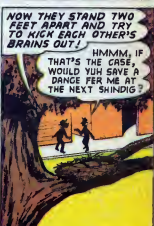
WELL
SPOKEN











Lash LARUE

in THE PHONY LETTER

IT'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY, RUSH, WHILE WE'RE ROVING AROUND I OPINE IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO DRIFT TOWARDS HASLETT FALLS AND LOOK IN ON MY FRIEND, SHERIFF THATCHER!



MEANWHILE, AT THE HASLETT FALLS JAILHOUSE---

OKAY, JARVEY, THE COURT JUST OPENED UP SO I'M GOING TO TAKE YUH OVER. THAR FER YORE HEARING!



AT THE COURTHOUSE---

---AND SINCE NO ONE ACTUALLY SAW YOU OPENING THE SAFE IN THE GENERAL STORE, JARVEY, AND THERE'S NO TRACE OF THE STOLEN MONEY IN ANY OF YOUR BELONGINGS, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO DROP THIS CASE AGAINST YOU! BUT I WARN YOU, I'D BETTER STAY IN LINE BECAUSE YOU WON'T GET AWAY SO LUCKY AGAIN!

YUH HEARD THE JUDGE, JARVEY! YUH CAN GO!



BUT, SHERIFF, AREN'T YUH AT LEAST GOING TO TAKE ME BACK TO THE CELL SO I CAN GATHER ALL MY BELONGINGS?

I DISLIKE YORE TYPE SO MUCH, JARVEY, I DON'T EVEN LIKE YUH IN MY JAILHOUSE! YUH WAIT OUTSIDE AND I'LL GET THEM FER YUH!

COURT HOUSE



BUT---

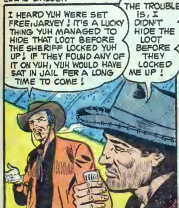
BUT WHAT?



BUT NOTHING! I'LL WAIT, SHERIFF!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE BACK OF THE LOCAL SALOON ---



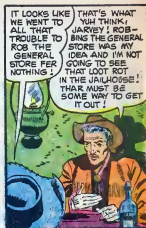
I HEARD YUH WERE SET FREE, JARVEY! IT'S A LUCKY THING YUH MANAGED TO HIDE THAT LOOT BEFORE THE SHERIFF LOCKED YUH UP! IF THEY FOUND ANY OF IT ON YUH, YUH WOULD HAVE SAT IN JAIL FER A LONG TIME TO COME!

THE TROUBLE IS, I DON'T HIDE THE LOOT BEFORE THEY LOCKED ME UP!



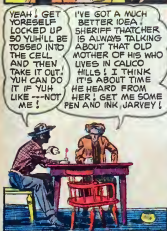
WHAT DO YUH MEAN?

I STILL HAD THE MONEY ON ME WHEN THEY TOSSED ME IN THE CELL, BUT I KNEW I HAD TO GET RID OF IT BEFORE THEY SEARCHED ME SO I STACHED IT AWAY IN THE MATTRESS IN MY CELL, AND THE DANG-BLASTED SHERIFF WOULDN'T EVEN LET ME GO BACK IN THE JAIL-HOUSE SO IT'S STILL THERE!



IT LOOKS LIKE WE WENT TO ALL THAT TROUBLE TO ROB THE GENERAL STORE FER NOTHING!

THAT'S WHAT YUH THINK, JARVEY! ROBBING THE GENERAL STORE WAS MY IDEA AND I'M NOT GOING TO SEE THAT LOOT ROT IN THE JAILHOUSE! THAR MUST BE SOME WAY TO GET IT OUT!



YEAH! GET YORESELF LOCKED UP SO YUH'LL BE TOSSED INTO THE CELL AND THEN TAKE IT OUT. YUH CAN DO IT IF YUH LIKE --NOT ME!

I'VE GOT A MUCH BETTER IDEA, SHERIFF THATCHER IS ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT THAT OLD MOTHER OF HIS WHO LIVES IN CALICO HILLS! I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME HE HEARD FROM HER! GET ME SOME PEN AND INK, JARVEY!



LATER, AT THE JAILHOUSE ---

YUH COULDN'T HAVE DROPPED IN AT A BETTER TIME, LASH! I JUST GOT A NOTE FROM A NEIGHBOR OF MY MOTHER IN CALICO HILLS WHO WRITES THAT THE POOR OLD LADY IS VERY ILL! I'VE JUST GOT TO GET OVER THAR AND SEE HER!

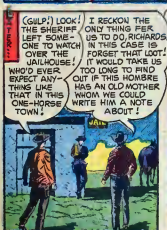
YOU GO AHEAD, THATCHER! I'LL WATCH YOUR JAIL-HOUSE UNTIL YOU GET BACK!



3 SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE SALOON ---

THE SHERIFF SURE FELL FER THAT NOTE YUH SENT HIM, RICHARDS! I SAW HIM LEAVING ON THE STAGE-COACH FER CALICO JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO!

NOW JUST AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK, WE'LL SNEAK INTO THE JAIL-HOUSE AND REMOVE THE MONEY FROM THE MATTRESS!



(GULP!) LOOK! THE SHERIFF LEFT SOME-ONE TO WATCH OVER THE JAILHOUSE! WHO'D EVER EXPECT ANY-THING LIKE THAT IN THIS ONE-HORSE TOWN.

I RECKON THE ONLY THING FER US TO DO, RICHARDS, IN THIS CASE IS FORGET THAT LOOT! IT WOULD TAKE US TOO LONG TO FIND OUT IF THIS HOMBRE HAS AN OLD MOTHER WHOM WE COULD WRITE HIM A NOTE ABOUT!



THIS IS NO TIME FER WISE REMARKS, JARVEY! ROBBING THE GENERAL STORE WAS MY IDEA AND I STILL INTEND TO GET MY SHARE OF THE LOOT! NOW YUH JUST LET ME DO ALL THE TALKING!



WHAR'S THE SHERIFF?

HE HAD TO GO AWAY FOR A SPELL! IS THERE ANY-THING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

NOT FER US, BUT FER THOSE POOR PEOPLE TRAPPED IN THAT STAGECOACH! MY BUDDY AND I WERE RIDING INTO TOWN WHEN WE SAW THE STAGECOACH PLUNGE OVER THE CLIFF ON THE WAY OUT OF TOWN. WE KNOW THAT SOME OF THE PEOPLE INSIDE WEREN'T KILLED BECAUSE WE COULD HEAR THEIR SCREAMS AS WE RODE OFF!

IF YUH LIKE, WE'LL SHOW YUH WHAR THE ACCIDENT TOOK PLACE!



JUST WHERE DID THE STAGECOACH GO OVER?

RIGHT UP AHEAD! WHEN YUH GET OFF YORE HORSE AND LOOK OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF, YUH'LL SEE THE REST FER YORESELF!

3
TODAY'S
CHAPTER



BUT AS THE ROVING MARSHAL LOOKS OVER---

GOOD WORK, RICHARDS! NOW WE SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE GETTING THE MONEY!



BUT AS LASH LARUE TUMBLES DOWN TO WHAT THE BANDITS THINK IS SURE DEATH---

IT'S A LUCKY THING I DIDN'T HIT THIS LEDGE WITH MY HEAD WHEN I FELL OR I WOULDN'T BE IN CONDITION TO GRAB HOLD OF IT NOW!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THOSE VARMINTS WANTED TO KILL ME, BUT THAT WILL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL I GET OUT OF HERE --- IF I CAN GET OUT OF HERE! THE RAIN AND THE WIND HAVE WORN THE WALL OF THIS MOUNTAIN TO AN ICY-SMOOTHNESS THAT MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE TO CLIMB UP!



AND THERE'S NOTHING UP THERE ON WHICH I COULD SECURE THE BULLWHIP TO CLIMB UP, EITHER!



THE WAY THAT VULTURE'S EYEING ME UP, HE MUST FEEL PRETTY SURE I'M GOING TO ROT HERE --- AND I'M BEGINNING TO THINK HE'S RIGHT!

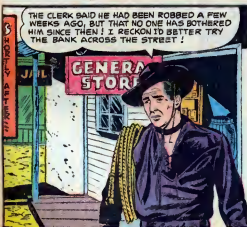


LASH LARUE WESTERN

BUT LASH LARUE'S FAITHFUL HORSE RUSH IS TRYING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS MASTER!



AND WITHOUT HARMING A HAIR ON HIS FAITHFUL HORSE'S NECK, THE KING OF THE BULL-WHIP PLANS A MEANS OF ESCAPE!



MEANWHILE, IN THE JAILHOUSE ---



EVEN THOUGH THIS WAS ALL MY IDEA, FER A WHILE I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THIS MONEY AGAIN! NOW LET'S GRAB IT AND BEAT IT!



BUT AS THE TWO BANDITS COME OUT OF THE JAILHOUSE...

THERE'S BEEN NO SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS AROUND THE BANK EITHER...HEY! THERE ARE THOSE TWO HOMBRES AND THEY'RE COMING OUT OF THE JAILHOUSE!

(GULP!) IT'S THE SHERIFF'S ASSISTANT! BUT I THOUGHT WE HAD KILLED HIM!

NEVER MIND WHAT YUH THOUGHT! RUN FER IT!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU TWO WANTED IN THE JAILHOUSE, BUT YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT YOU'RE GOING TO BE THERE FOR A LONG TIME!



LARUE...

AND WHEN I GOT TO CALICO AND FOUND MY MOTHER OKAY, I REALIZED THAT THE LETTER WAS PHONY!

IT WAS JUST AN EXCUSE TO GET YOU OUT OF TOWN SO THOSE TWO BANDITS COULD REMOVE THE STOLEN MONEY FROM THE MATTRESS! THAT'S WHY YOU DIDN'T FIND ANY MONEY ON JARVEY WHEN YOU SEARCHED HIM AFTER YOU LOCKED HIM UP!



BUT THIS TIME YOU NOT ONLY GOT JARVEY ON A ROBBERY CHARGE, BUT YOU ALSO HAVE HIM AND HIS PARTNER ON AN ATTEMPTED MURDER CHARGE, TOO!

GREAT WORK, LASH! AND TO MAKE SURE NO ONE CAN GET ME TO LEAVE TOWN AGAIN ON A FALSE ERRAND---



--- I BROUGHT MY MOM BACK HYAR WHAR I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON HER!

KEEP AN EYE ON ME---



--- YUH BETTER WATCH OUT HOW YUH TALK TO ME, SONNY, OR I'LL PUT YUH OVER MY KNEE!

I RECKON I BETTER GET OUT OF HERE PRONTO BEFORE SHE PUTS ME OVER HER KNEE, TOO! SO LONG, SHERIFF! I'LL BE SEEING YOU!

THANKS FER EVERYTHING, LASH!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF LASH LARUE IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE, LASH LARUE WESTERN, AND IN 'SIX-GUN HEROES'!

Hair Breath Escape

(Continued from inside front cover)

caught the one o'clock stage for Staghorn.

"Likely I wouldn't have any more business this afternoon," he told the drummer, who was the only other passenger. "So I 'decided to pick me up some supplies. I'll need plenty for the Saturday rush. What I mostly need is about a dozen bottles of Honeydew Hair Tonic which I am fresh out of."

They weren't more than three miles out of town when they heard the rough voice call to the driver and were jarred forward as the stage was braked to a halt. "Raise 'em! This is a stickup!" Then, "You inside. Come out with your hands high!"

Both passengers obeyed. The driver had already thrown down his gun. "Four Eyes" Jones never carried a weapon and he didn't know about the drummer. They saw the stick-up man, a bandana covering his lower face, hat pulled down to hide his eyes. He moved forward, his attention concentrated on the drummer. "Hand over your wallet."

"No!" screamed the drummer, and lurched as if to run away. He bumped against Jones, knocking off the barber's glasses. Then he lunged forward and grabbed at the bandana mask, ripping it from the holdup man's face, just as the latter's gun barked, ripping a hole in the drummer's face.

The stage driver exclaimed, "Why you're . . ."

He never finished. A slug caught him between the eyes. Barber Jones was still sprawled on the ground when the hot lead struck his head. The bandit grabbed the drummer's wallet, then mounted and sped away at the sound of approaching horsemen.

"Four Eyes" Jones wasn't dead. A bullet had merely singed his scalp.

The sheriff said, "Jones, this is a lucky break. You were an eyewitness. We found the mask in the dead drummer's fingers. So the holdup hombre must have been unmasked. Surely you recognized him."

Barber Jones shook his head, sadly. "Sheriff, I want this murdering outlaw put to jail as bad as I want anything. But I can't honestly say I saw who it was. You see, my specs got knocked off and after that, the feller was just a blur. Could've been most anybody."

The lawman frowned, thoughtfully. "Recognize his voice?"

"Too muffled," said Jones. "Coming through a hanky-chiff like that, most all voices sound alike."

"You're not much help," said the sheriff. "You claim you don't know who the holdup man was, then?"

"Oh, yes, I *know*!" responded the barber, surprising the lawman. "I know all right, but I've got no evidence that would hold in court. And I aim to catch the dirty murderer, too!"

It was the next day. Mace Kenyon, after the usual small talk, was in the barber chair waiting for his shave. "Four Eyes" Jones brandished his straight razor, then said, "Mace, take it easy and don't budge. I've got this razor straight across your Adam's apple. I aim to turn you over to the sheriff for that holdup killing yesterday."

Mace did not budge. He barely moved his lips as he said, "I heard tell you never saw me on account of being so nearsighted. Reckon you're a faker."

"Didn't see you," said the barber. "Smelled you. Yuh see, I was plumb out of Honeydew Hair Tonic when you came in here for 'the works.' So I plastered your hair down with my own concoction, made up of equal parts of bear grease and blackberry juice. You were the only customer I did that to, and I sniffed it when you were staging the holdup."

"YOU got me, dead to rights," said Mace. "Take the razor away, and we'll palaver." Under the big apron, Mace was reaching for his gun. But he never got to use it. The sheriff burst out of the back room, slapped handcuffs on the customer and declared, "Good work, barber. I heard the confession. Wickedness smells—and I reckon you proved it!"

THE END

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